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THREE POEMS

FOR FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

(After reading his *Complete Poems*)

They say he will not come, although the spring
Will scatter flowers over Irish grass
Where summer will tread slumbrously and pass
For autumn rains and winter's covering.
He cannot hear the blackbird; Boyne can bring
No song to him; he cannot see the mass
Of gorse beyond the oak where trysting was;
He lies far off from Ireland's blossoming.

Yet in these pages we may keep the tryst
He made with Beauty, and, enchanted, go
To the white hawthorn in the shadowed glen,
Or watch the sunlight burning up the mist,
And see the river winding, flashing, slow;
Then here, to meet us, he will come again.

DAWN-WIND

Sweep through my being
And purge it of pain,
Dawn-wind, fleeing
Down Lake Champlain!

Of Earth the Mother
None is so fleet,
Not even thy brother,
The Sun, to greet
My waking eye
Before I know
Thee whirling by;
For blossoms blow,
And everywhere
I find a dream
Has grown more fair.

What things which seem
Can ever be
More full of wonder
And mystery
Than wind brought under
God's mastery?

Sweep through my being
And purge it of pain,
Dawn-wind, fleeing
Down Lake Champlain!

—
PROMISE

"A thousand infant faces, soft and sweet,
Each year sends forth,"—SARA COLERIDGE.

The winds of March blow down the frozen ways;
Snow melts; runnels meander through a maze
Of broken channels.

The sun is warm; the branches of the trees,
Though leafless, yet are quickened by degrees
With hidden life.

Behind the bark new buds await the hour
When, venturing forth, slowly they grow to flower
In strength and grace.

Spring is the herald of the summer-time,
As freighted argosies in former time
Foreshadowed wealth,

Bearing their burden from a southern land,
Spices from India, silks from Samarcand,
To homeland ports.

Perchance unseen our treasure-galleon lies
Beyond our sight, bearing a richer prize,
Immortal freight,

Our spring's desired flower, small and furled,
Brought from the garden of another world
Whose God is Love.

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR.

Boston, Massachusetts.